

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXVIII
No. 2439

and BYSTANDER

London
April 7, 1948

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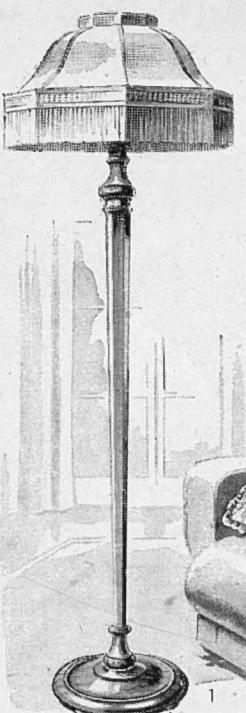
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Buckram Shade

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In rose, blue and green. 45/-

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THE **TATLER** and BYSTANDER

LONDON
APRIL 7, 1948

Two Shillings

Vol. CLXXXVIII. No. 2439



JOE WEBB, OF CUMNOR, BERKS, who has just celebrated his forty-fourth year as huntsman to the New College and Magdalen Beagles. He is known to thousands of Oxford men, past and present, especially as during the pack's history Trinity and Balliol have also been associated with it, and he has the deserved reputation of being a very fine sportsman. The pack was established in 1896 and now consists of eleven couples at Cumnor Hill, compared with twenty before the war. Its country is hunted by the Heythrop and Old Berkshire



Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

AJOLLY little suggestion has been made that the underground Cabinet offices at Storey's Gate should be thrown open to the public, and that these bare but now historic caverns would have an especial attraction for American visitors—who presumably would be asked to pay in dollars and cents to see Mr. Churchill's wartime desk.

Why not, for that matter, throw open the above-ground Cabinet offices next door at No. 10 Downing Street?

There would be a small extra charge (as in the case of the Chamber of Horrors) for viewing the wartime desk of Lord North and inspecting the room from which he lost the American colonies. It was in this room (which one seems uncertain) that Lord North received the dispatch telling of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and exclaimed in a tragic voice, "My God! It is all over!"

He was right.

No. 10 Downing Street is one of the most deceptive buildings in London. Seen by the casual visitor from the street it appears as a fair-sized and undistinguished Georgian dwelling of the kind which a mile away in Bloomsbury might house a few Indian students as boarders, with a geyser-bath on the second floor.

No. 10 has, in fact, dozens of rooms in its rabbit warren, which leads back to the Treasury and merges with No. 11. It is the product of some forty tenants in its two hundred years—and, like our non-existent Constitution, is a patchwork affair of haphazard growth.

A room that serves one Prime Minister as a study will be the boudoir of the wife of another, or even his bedroom.

There is a pass-door between No. 10 and No. 11.

When Mr. J. H. Clynes was at the latter residence in 1924 he was having a musical Sunday evening, his guests being some English operatic singers. I shall never forget the mutual look of astonishment when, just as the Toreador's song from *Carmen* was at full blast, there suddenly appeared a bewildered Mr. Ramsay MacDonald from next door. He took one look at the spectacle and retreated hastily to No. 10.

One night in the autumn of 1940 saw Mr.

Churchill on the roof of No. 10 regarding the spectacle of a London encircled by blazing buildings. Many who were not in London in those stirring times lamented in the transatlantic prints that things should have come to so sorry a pass. A Prime Minister of Great Britain standing on the roof of a threatened building while the capital blazed! Ah, what terrible days!

Mr. Churchill, being a historian, could doubtless have set things in perspective.

It had all happened before—and to that same unhappy Lord North. There came a night in 1780 when around the table of No. 10's dining-room there sat a group of politicians (one of them toying with a pistol) while outside the Gordon rioters howled and sang. Lord North is credited on that evening with a remark worthy of Mr. Churchill in similar circumstances. He said, "I'm not half so afraid of the mob as I am of the way you are handling that pistol."

Then the rioters were dispersed, the all-clear was given and the dinner party mounted to the roof to see eighteenth-century London ablaze north, south, east and west.

It might make a good quiz question to make people guess No. 10's telephone number, with the clue that it is an appropriate one for a Prime Minister's residence.

The number is Whitehall 1234.

I happened to think of this when for five minutes last week I was victim on the Whitehall exchange of one of the most exasperating telephonic customs. You are rung and asked to hold on, "I want you." Immediately you inquire who it is ringing, but talk to an empty line. Thirty seconds later the voice asks your number again, repeats that it wants you and again you are left in the air.

A friend of mine who was in the Home Office at the time had this experience one day, and told of a rather dramatic termination to the incident. He had been in conversation with a fellow civil servant in the Lord Chamberlain's office, was cut off twice and gave way to blasphemy.

Then (he alleged) a voice, deep but distant as from some ghostly quarter-deck, said gruffly, "King speaking"!

That was during the reign of George the Fifth.

IHAVE promised myself to pay an early call when I am in their neighbourhood on some distinguished visitors whom *The Times* has described as "the lowest of all the primates"—a phrase which has a vaguely anti-clerical note about it.

They have enormous eyes, reported *The Times*, "large ears and a snub nose, giving them a gollywog appearance"; which sounds exactly like a Minister of the Crown whom I used to know.

This description was written before the tarsiers from Borneo were put on public view at the Zoo.

These funny little animals were also described as the "most remote ancestor of man now living."

They feed on mealworms and sand-lizards.

I don't think this sounds very remote. It well describes the recherché little dinner I ate only the other day at the — restaurant.

Another promise that I made myself this month (and which will probably be broken) is to find out what the Sanitary Committee of the City of London are doing about food these days.

On the day that the end of the "100-diners-only" farce was announced by Mr. Strachey, I found an old menu of a little dinner given by the Committee to itself at the Savoy in 1913.

I suppose that in those days it was considered an ordinary enough repast: here it is.

Huitres.

Petite Marmite Parisien.

Saumon Poché d'Ecosse.

Ris de Veau Braisé.

Selle d'Agnneau.

Neige au Clicquot.

Caille en Casserole aux Raisins.

Asperges.

Bombe Rosolio.

Soufflé Duclos.

Corbeille de Fruit.



This being in a day when the cocktail habit was not yet civilized—being classed with the rest of the current ragtime novelties—the dinner started with sherry, moving on to a Berncastler, then a Château claret, followed by magnums of champagne and making a graceful exit by way of cognac and liqueurs.

Yes, perhaps it is a trifle on the weighty side; but I may be mistaken.

FOLDED in this faded menu in the book in which I found it is a contemporary wine list and the prices are illuminating—for remember they referred to probably the most expensive place in London.

There was a nine-year-old Liebfraumilch at eight shillings, and a Saarburg moselle at the same price. A ten-year-old Château Margaux was also eight shillings, and for five bob you could get a bottle of a six-year-old St. Julien.

It is not the least odd item in the Alice-in-Wonderland world of prices to-day that wines should still be so cheap as they are; a *vin ordinaire*, a drinkable red wine of the kind the French call "pinard" (and give to French soldiers as part of their rations) can still be bought at about 7s. 6d., while it was always half a crown before the war.

Except in Soho, where it might have a fancy label on it and cost more. One printing firm actually had a book of sample labels—like the albums containing specimens of greeting cards—from which the ambitious restaurateur could select what pleased his fancy, and with the aid of a glue-pot, transform "pinard" into some imaginary Château-bottled claret in a second.

Probably this is still done. I think so.

A COUPLE of days ago I was luching with one of London's most distinguished bookmakers. (His friends think it complimentary to say, "You'd never think he was a bookmaker at all!")

The talk was on the part that superstition and chance play in backing a horse. I happened to say that one day a couple of years ago I was having to get rid of some furniture I had had in a lovely cottage in the country—and so backed the Grand National winner on that day.

A couple of months later I saw Sir Alfred Munnings laughing heartily with George Belcher on the steps of the Royal Academy.

Such a happy knight did he seem that he caused me to back the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas that day.

My bookmaker then gave his views on the matter.

"It's a deadly day for me if by any chance I sing or even hum a tune in the morning," he said. "Then, of course, the sight of a cross-eyed woman is fatal. And worst of all is anything written in green ink."

He also confessed that if nuns cross his path on a big race day his luck is out, but his conscience is such that he has become a generous donor to Catholic charities, although not a Catholic himself, to correct what he feels is a wicked spell.

THREE seems to me that here is a chance for the enterprising punter. One plan would be to hire a nun's habit, and thus garbed go up to the rails, affecting crossed eyesight and hand your bet written on a card with green ink, the while singing, say, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!"

I shall be pleased to hear if this system produces results.

Cambridge University Conservatives' Ball



Col. Walter Elliot, M.P., presenting a bottle of whisky which she won in the raffle to Miss Noreen Pearson



Miss Genifer Bromley-Martin selling a ticket to Viscount Garnock, of the Cambridge University Conservative Association Committee



Miss Felicity Ingleby-Mackenzie with Mr. John Menzies. The ball was held at the Dorchester



Miss Wanda Gawronska with Mr. C. J. Harris of the Coldstream Guards, and Miss Jean Dawnay



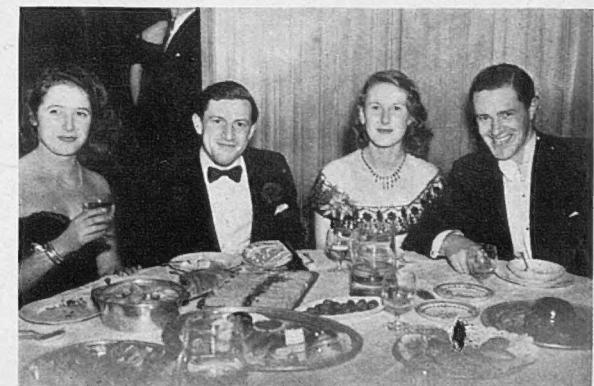
Mrs. K. Crofton, Capt. Campbell Stirum, Mr. Maltby Crofton, Mr. Robert de Stacpoole and Miss Mary Vessey



Miss Patricia Marshall was at supper with Mr. Timothy Bernard



Mr. Richard Pritchard sharing a table with Miss Sheila Monroe



Miss Wanda Gawronska, Mr. Frank Berendt, Miss Patricia Beeley and Mr. Dermot de Trafford

At Covent Garden for "Tristan and Isolde"



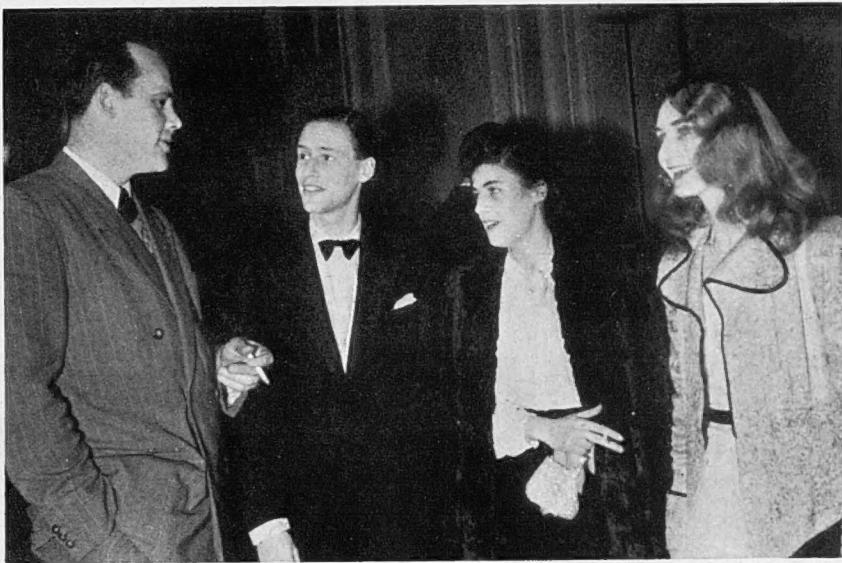
H.E. Countess Reventlow, H.E. Count Reventlow,
the Danish Ambassador, and Mr. David Webster



In the crush bar during the subscription supper. Ten are being held during the season and are proving extremely popular



Mr. Michael Wood of the Royal Opera House, the
Earl of Harewood and Miss Joan Cross the singer



Mr. Noel Langley, the author and playwright, Mr. John Allison,
Mrs. Allison and Miss Margaret Ben



Count Wilhelm Sponneck, the Danish Military Attaché, Countess Sponneck, H.H. Prince George of Denmark, who is attached to the Danish Embassy, and Mrs. Boeck-Hansen



Mrs. Qvist with Mr. Ebbe Munch, the
Danish Press Attaché

Varvara

*Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt*

At the Theatre

*"Dark Eyes"
(Strand)*



Elena Miramova,
part authoress, made a
witty speech from her
box on the first night

and that they could out of the trouble.

They are only mad nor'-nor'-west. Give them no dramatic opportunity and they are charmingly sane; but unfortunately for them life is surprisingly full of dramatic opportunities, and they can never resist one.

When the tired businessman returns to his

THE three Russian ballerinas are enchanting company. They really refresh the old joke of the comic foreigner.

Not only are they as picturesquely absurd as Slavs should be according to our ideas, but their absurdity springs from something recognizably and enviably human—a superb zest for life. It is absurdity touched by a kind of wild poetry. We see them as fantastically silly children, but we also grow to like them. As travelling companions no doubt they would exasperate us almost beyond endurance and get us into lots of trouble. Somehow we feel that the exasperation would not last always be trusted to get us

Long Island home for a quiet week-end he finds them unaccountably in possession. An embarrassed silence falls after the drinks have been hospitably distributed. The dramatic opportunity is promptly taken. How eloquent is silence, suddenly remarks the more cynical of the ballerinas, and what universality it has. An eloquent silence in Moscow is strangely like an eloquent silence on Long Island. It is silence that makes the whole world kin. And while the tired businessman is still blinking another of the ballerinas is reading poetry she was inspired to write by an eloquent silence in Batoum. No, the Russians have no small talk.

YET silence, whether eloquent or dumb, may be helpful at a quiet week-end. The tired businessman's hopes are rudely shattered when a faintly disparaging reference to Tschaikovsky precipitates civil war among his guests. They are artists before they are friends, they are Russians before they are artists, and if one of them is unsound on Tschaikovsky she must be expelled with a great noise from the society of White Russians.

When they next appear it is to stage a charming ballet for the birthday of their host's mother, and very charmingly it is danced by Mlle. Irina Baronova and Mlle. Eugenia Delarova, who have temporarily left the ballet stage to play two of the comic ballerinas.

It is the Baronova who later carries off the

amusing little scene in which the soulful one of the trio captures the heart of their host and at the same time persuades him to back a play which they have been hopelessly hawking round the world. All their troubles would be over now, if the dramatic opportunity did not occur to misconstrue the innocent man's motives and at the end of a grandly emotional scene to bid him take his dollars to the devil.

ONCE the scene has been played out the protagonist realizes her folly. There is nothing for it then but to take a long farewell of life, and having solemnly drunk what they confidently believe to be poison, they take up Buddha-like attitudes at the ends of their beds and prepare their souls for death. What follows is, for Russians, something worse than death.

They are enchanting creatures; but is their enchantment strong enough to sustain a somewhat loosely constructed comedy? The fun of this tempestuous week-end comes in gusts; and there are one or two long quarters of an hour during which the authors, Mlle. Elena Miramova and Mlle. Leontovich, run short of ideas. I am inclined to think that the amusement of the acting will compensate for the authors' shortcomings. Miss Polly Rowles, an American actress, is the third of the ballerinas. She gives a magnificently Russian performance. Mr. Edwin Styles plays the hospitable bonehead delightfully, and is at his best while retreating before dramatic accusation with an air of outraged chastity.



The Balloon Goes Up: Silence and its virtues are forgotten when one of the Russian guests at John Fields's house proves to be a deviationist on Tschaikovsky. As Natasha (Polly Rowles), Olga (Eugenia Delarova) and Tonia (Irina Baronova) indulge in the higher musical criticism, Prince Nikolai (Yul Brynner) attempts to quieten them and the host (Edwin Styles), Grandmother Field (May Carey), and the son and daughter of the house (Bill Stoughton and Genine Graham) look on with varying emotions

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Thank You, Mr. Phipps

LAST week I heard a film-writer complain loudly that writers are never given the credit due to their part in the creation of films. I was too polite to tell him exactly why I thought his colleagues had very little cause for complaint. One of the more mentionable explanations of course would be the question: where there is an original story by one writer, a screenplay by three more and additional dialogue by three more, whom shall the critic credit—or blame?

This week, however, I am very glad to give credit where I believe it to be due for an English script with smooth light dialogue for, of all things, *Spring In Park Lane* at the Empire, starring the Eternal Cinderella, Anna Neagle and her Prince Charming, Michael Wilding.

Since her painstaking portrayals, years ago, of Nell Gwyn and Queen Victoria, Miss Neagle's films have run almost as true to formula as Miss Lockwood's. But the Good Fairy is so much more endearing than the Wicked Lady that her nonsense is very much easier to bear. Under it all, Miss Neagle is unmistakably a real person, honest and reassuring, who can make boogie-woogie look like a barn dance—and more fun that way. If her fans like to see her simplicity floating in the upper strata of high life, there is not much harm and some charm in the spectacle. Not uncomfortably high of course: the Marquis of Borechester (Nicholas Phipps) must be a vapid chinless aristocrat, growing lettuces, even if his younger brother is Michael Wilding masquerading as a footman in the house where Anna Neagle has an ideal job as secretary to her rich uncle (Tom Walls).

THE sugar-and-snob story (from Alice Duer Miller), however, is only a flimsy mould into which Nicholas Phipps pours a stream of witty dialogue and characters comparable, I venture to suggest, with P. G. Wodehouse. How grateful the actors must have been to Mr. Phipps. Thanks, at least in part, to him Mr. Wilding himself is developing a spirited sense of impudent comedy. Tom Walls, already now established as one of our better screen character actors, is fine and fruity as the benevolent, art- and diamond-collecting uncle.

Thanks again, I can't help feeling, to Mr. Phipps, Peter Graves—not one of my favourite actors—is monumental as a swollen-headed, rhinoceros-hided film star. Lana Morris makes the shameless floozy of a kitchen-maid as real as she is funny. Catherine Paul is admirably right as the Dowager Lady Borechester in apron and debt, squatting in her own baronial hall. Thanks doubly to Mr. Phipps, the funniest scene of all—the funniest in a British picture for many weeks—is Mr. Phipps's own turn of telling an interminable after-dinner story—the kind that not only never ends but never really begins.

All this is such fun, so nearly very good indeed, that it seems a pity the Wilcox-Neagle combine would not give it just that extra quality which would put it beyond ridicule. Why does the period have to be so indeterminate, Miss Neagle giving almost all the time the impression of a late Edwardian ballad-singer, while the film is clearly labelled 1948. Why is the photography uniformly in that faded misty grey—or is that part of the Never-Never Land atmosphere? But thanks to Mr. Phipps, the picture does succeed to a remarkable degree in eating its cake and having it by embroidering the timeworn theme with diversions witty enough to make it easy for anybody to bear. I hope Mr. Phipps will not confine his screenwriting exclusively to one studio and one star. British films need the kind of fresh, racy dialogue he can write.

PHILIP DUNNE has not succeeded quite so well in his adaptation of Galsworthy's *Escape*, the latest version of which is showing at the Gaumont, Haymarket. Galsworthy was not the most "literary" of writers, yet the film's dialogue has an unmistakable literary flavour, in spite of the valiant efforts the film has made to escape from the studio.

Made in England for an American company, by an American director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz) with two British stars home from Hollywood, perhaps the picture was bound to be shaky in places. It gets off to a very sticky start, until the hero (Rex Harrison) is unjustly brought into Dartmoor via Hyde Park and Old Bailey and has broken out again into a fog so thick that at one moment I couldn't see anything on the screen at all. That always seems to me one of the disadvantages of filming that least photogenic of substances.

Once we are out of the fog and the studio into the sunshine of Devonshire villages and leafy lanes the film settles down to be the good sound escape story it always was, with some passing morals about the fallibility of man-made laws included, I felt, out of respect for Galsworthy's memory. Much may be forgiven any British film which has the sense to get out of the studio into our own open spaces. They may not be very wide, but Dartmoor is roomy enough. Rex Harrison is one of our most flexible actors. In a way it seems a waste of a brilliant light comedian; but the same might almost be said of his predecessor in the part, the late Gerald du Maurier. Mr. Harrison certainly rouses genuine pity for the hunted man. The parallel with the fox hunt into which he wanders when first he escapes is not overstressed, the picture follows out a pattern, and it is difficult to be sure why it is not even better than it is: imperfect casting, uneasy dialogue or perhaps most of all a casualness in the cutting which lets tension lapse.

Miss Peggy Cummins is a problem child among stars and her voice is her greatest problem. Born

in Wales, bred in Ireland, she went to Hollywood and appeared there in *Moss Rose* making the worst shot at a Cockney accent I have ever heard. Here she is again, intelligent and piquant enough to be always a pleasure to watch, but with some oddity in her intonation—is it American, Welsh, Irish, or all three?—quite out of her character as a bored hunting and fishing young woman who prefers convicts to convention. As she has been in Hollywood, Miss Cummins deserves a good mark for wearing the common cardigan obligatory for English country wear. William Hartnell gives another of his impressively stern but human performances as the police officer and Jill Esmond helps reality as the heroine's more orthodox sister.

At the Odeon, Marble Arch, *Snowbound* feels studio-bound. A unit, I understand, did go on quite extensive location work to the Alps for this very complicated story about a film director (Robert Newton) who sends man-of-all-work Dennis Price to a mountain hut to carry on post-war counter-espionage work. Location work is hardly recognizable. Admittedly, in a mountain hut even with company less oppressive than this gang of international spies and Gainsborough's crude idea of funny foreigners, there is a feeling of being shut in, with "Snow and fresh air everywhere and never a breath to breathe." But not quite like this.

When Dennis Price telephoned the first exciting discovery to Robert Newton back at the studio, neither made me feel that the telephones were separated by more than a foot or two of Gainsborough studio floor space. Neither could I believe that the assorted Latins came from farther afield than Soho. David Macdonald, who produced *Desert Victory* and directed *The Brothers*, both with such a perceptible passion for place, should have something better to direct, and Herbert Lom, who begins to look like the Peter Lorre of British studios, to play than this unconvincing expedition in search of hidden treasure which goes up in flames at the end with "all that remains of the Third Reich." Another time, Mila Parely, the new Central European actress, might be interesting. Impossible to tell.

HUMPHREY BOGART's crumpled features are so familiar that it was quite a good idea to keep them hidden for the first third of *Dark Passage*, the American escape story at the Warner. Telling the escaped convict's story through his own eyes makes the cameraman and director work hard to some effect, however artificial. For a further stretch the convict cannot speak while his face is hidden now by the plastic surgeon's bandages. Only when Mr. Bogart is finally disclosed in his own face and voice does the picture stop trying and just fizzle out.

Mr. Bogart, I should also mention, finds a lady with transport and shelter who believes in his innocence. Even more helpful to men on the run is the lonely philosopher taxi-driver (nicely underplayed by Tom d'Andrea) who seems to be a roving agent for the plastic surgeon.



CHARLES LAUGHTON

plays the part of an unscrupulous owner of a large publishing empire in *The Big Clock* in which he stars with Ray Milland as an employee unjustly suspected of murder. Others in the cast are Maureen O'Sullivan, George Macready and Rita Johnson. Charles Laughton was born in Scarborough and made a great name for himself on the London stage before he entered films. Among his most famous character roles are Henry VIII, Mr. Barrett in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and Captain Bligh in *Mutiny on the Bounty*. He is married to Elsa Lanchester who also appears in *The Big Clock*.



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



The Rt. Hon. J. A. Beasley, the High Commissioner for Australia

cases of Australia House deal daily with 120 Dominion cables, advise the queue of callers, and transact other government business.

BEASLEY has the instinctive slow speech and low tone characteristic of those bred in little-peopled silent spaces: as well as the courage capable of upsetting a whole political party on a major issue. Young Beasley helped his father, a blacksmith and cattle dealer, was always up by 6.30, and often worked till 8 p.m.; he hand-fed cattle and learnt horse-breeding. At eighteen he dreamt of becoming a power-house engineer. His life in Melbourne began with contractors who installed electricity in Southern Australia and Tasmania. Next, he was an electrical fitter in Sydney Naval Dockyard. Four years later he joined the City Council, helping to provide light and power for 1,000,000 inhabitants, and then became an executive, advising on the sale of power in Sydney and suggesting installations.

The shop steward of 1920 was for five years president of the Electrical Trades Union for New South Wales, and, by the exercise of superb tact, for seven years, a record time, president of the turbulent Trades and Labour Council of N.S.W.

Politics claimed him in 1928, when West Sydney elected him as Federal Member. In 1929 Beasley surprised Australia by becoming the youngest Assistant Minister for Industry and External Affairs at thirty-four. Two years later he provided Australia with a political sensation—and turned out his own Government. Scullin decided during the depression to cut wages and pensions. Beasley stood out alone, refused to agree, was excluded from Government, and, later, from his party. With five other "dissentients" he moved the adjournment of the House, condemned unemployment grants distribution and demanded a Commission. Conservatives helped the Ministry "out."

In the election Beasley and his five supporters were successful. In 1937 peace returned to the Labour Party, but again Beasley differed, on what he conceived to be a matter of principle, alleged Communist infiltration. West Sydney remained faithful to him and rejected a strong official candidate.

WITH the outbreak of war he served on the Advisory Council as a Beasley minority party envoy, with five Tories and four Labour men. He and his five supporters turned out the Conservative party. He was now Minister for Supply and Transport, and often worked seven days a week and eighteen hours a day. While Evatt was away, Beasley, though not a lawyer, created a record again, by being Attorney-General on top of his other tasks. In 1945 he was president of the Executive Council and represented his country at U.N. talks, at International Labour Office conferences, and other important gatherings.

Surveying the strong hands, powerful nose and confident eyes, it is not difficult to see the elements of success—carved out by resolute will and unsurpassed industry.



Vice-Admiral Henry Egerton, who received the Companionship of the Bath on his return from the Far East



Brig. Sir Ronald Nesbitt-Hawes, who was created a Knight Bachelor by His Majesty, with Lady Nesbitt-Hawes

Decorated at Buckingham Palace



S/Ldr. R. G. W. Oakley, of Croydon, a Pathfinder, showing his wife and daughter his D.S.O. and D.F.C.



S/Ldr. G. Page with his wife and five-year-old niece. He also was invested with the D.S.O. and the D.F.C.



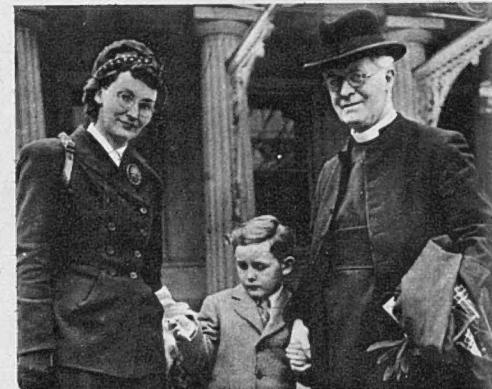
Major-Gen. C. B. Robertson, of Manor Lodge, Salisbury, a recipient of the C.B.E., with his wife and son



Lady Hutton shows her C.B.E. to her husband, Lt.-Gen. Sir Thomas Hutton, and Mrs. D. Ward, a friend from U.S.A.



Sir George Pierce, of the Indian Police, and Lady Pierce, after Sir George had been made a Knight Bachelor



Michael Shepherd with his mother and grandfather, the Archdeacon of Dudley, holding the M.C. won by his father, the late Major P. C. B. Shepherd



Capt. Pearson, U.S. Naval Attaché, H.E. Mme. Moniz de Aragao, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, Capt. Leonard Plugge and Mrs. Pearson at the Society



The Marquess of Milford Haven, who succeeded his father in 1938; dining with Mrs. Leonard Plugge at the Society, recently opened in Jermyn Street

Lunching and Dining Out



Major Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld lunching at Cunningham's



Also at Cunningham's, in Curzon Street, were Mr. and Mrs. Orford

Zimmerman



Col. Keith Menzies with Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne at Ciros



Lord and Lady Selsdon at Hatchetts. Lord Selsdon is the second baron



Mrs. Diana Barnato Walker and the Hon. Bernard Bruce at Ciros



Viscount Margesson dining at Ciros with Mrs. Gerard Leigh

Priscilla in Paris

The "Six Days"

THE popular annual "Six-Day" cycle race has started on the oval track of the "Vel d'Hiv." It is less a sporting contest than a social-for-all affair. The cheaper seats are crowded with sweaterless, collarless legions, while the New Wealthy display their mink coats, diamonds, English tweeds and silk shirts in the boxes. At midnight, when the velodrome is so misty with tobacco-smoke that the lights make one think of pocket lamps glimmering through a London fog, the *beau monde* arrives to stroll about the *pelouse*. Champagne pails make their appearance on the tables round the track and the ceaselessly circling "squirrels" hit up the pace.

Dropping in for an hour on the second night, I came across Edith Piaf, who returned from the States recently, unable to stay away longer from her beloved Paris. She was on the same Clipper as Marcel Cerdan, the boxer. Suzy Delair, who is in the running for the title of "Queen of the Six Days," was well into her stride . . . and her cheque-book, for this title goes to the lady who puts up the biggest prizes. Germaine Beaumont, whose latest novel, *La Roue d'Infortune*, is the book of the moment, was gazing with her wide-open and very lovely blue eyes in almost horrified interest on the amazing scenes that surrounded her. Gabrielle Ristori, one of the heroines of Dachau, who is now quite recovered from her terrible experiences and who was recently singing at Monte Carlo, was also watching. And there was a merry party of young people at the Comtesse Hélène de Dudzeele's table.

Jean-Louis Barrault's revival of the late Georges Feydeau's famous farce, *Occupé-toi d'Amelie*, is drawing crowds to the Marigny Theatre. The great majority of spectators who cannot remember the far-away years of 1908, when the play was produced, are delighted by the scenery, costumes and gaiety of the show. But older people wonder why the costumes are 1900 rather than '08 and why the star company gesticulates and over-acts, giving the effect of those comical silent films of early screen days. As a once-famous beauty, present at the first night, remarked to me: "I don't think we were quite so ridiculous as that!" and I heartily agreed. I taxed J.-L. with this when I met him next day at the Berkeley. His answer came pat: "Poetic licence, chère Madame, poetic licence!"

IT was a spring-like day, the sun shone on the corner of the veranda where I sat, and the flower-beds on the opposite side of the Avenue Matignon were gay with tulips. Lady Diana and Sir Alfred Duff Cooper were at their favourite table. At another I saw Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle with Baron and Baroness de Junca. Jacques Heim and two of his prettiest mannequins were there also, as well as George Raft and Ray Ventura. Some of the scenes of Luis Jouvet's new film, *Noir sur Blanc*, have been shot at the Berkeley. While he is away on his European tour, his theatre, the Athénée, is giving Marcel Achard's latest play, *Nous Irions à Valparaiso*, which is both dramatic and amusing and is proving an immense success.

Voilà!

During the recent summery weather the gay little beaches on the Marne were thronged. A grim-visaged garde champêtre stalked up to Mlle. Nicole André, who was wearing a swimming ensemble consisting of a slip and a brassière. "Two-piece suits not allowed!" he barked. "Very well," rejoined Nicole amiably. "Which piece shall I remove?"





Sheila's Cottage, A. P. Thompson up, being led in after beating Major D. Vaughan's First of the Dandies by a length

Jennifer was at —



THE GRAND NATIONAL

THE 1948 Grand National will be long remembered by the record crowds which descended on Aintree by road, rail, air and sea. Many things conspired to make the meeting memorable—the perfect going and visibility under a sunny sky high among them—but what made this great 'chase stand out

against others of recent years was the achievement of Sheila's Cottage, first mare to win since 1902, who jumped like a stag while the gilded favourites were falling in swathes; concluding with the almost painful excitement of the last few score yards, when the winner doggedly pressed, and finally passed, First of the Dandies

(Continued on page 12)



Going away from Becher's Brook the first time round. Sheila's Cottage is seventh from the right

— and among those present were :



Lady Lavinia Green, second daughter of the Marquess of Zetland, with Lady Ohlson



Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brignall talking to Mr. A. Parker, who rode Offaly Prince



Miss M. Tootel and Mr. and Mrs. John Holbech walking in the paddock



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Weatherby. She is Viscount Bangor's eldest daughter



Mr. J. D. Mitchell, Mr. T. Harding and Mrs. Katheryn Rowland



Mrs. Peter Thorn and Mrs. Geoffrey Band, both keen race-goers



Miss R. M. Benson with Mrs. Charles Rush, who lives at Newmarket



Lady Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, and Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor

Jennifer

to win in the spirit of the oldest and most stirring Turf traditions.

Outstanding was Mr. Jimmy Rank's veteran Prince Regent, who received a tremendous cheer as he strode out, in fine fettle, to take his place at the start. All hoped that he would, at last, win the 'chasing Blue Riband, for which he has striven so gallantly, but age and weight told, and he was pulled up in the second circuit.

FORTY-THREE runners lined up and were off punctually to an excellent start, a cavalcade of colour streaking down to the first fence, and the 'chase developed into an exciting spectacle. There was tremendous cheering as Sheila's Cottage was led in, and congratulations were showered on the owner, Mr. J. Procter, his popular North Country trainer, Nevile Crump, and on the young Irish jockey, A. P. Thompson, who has had a very successful season riding in the north.

Everyone was delighted to see that splendid sportsman Lord Mildmay finish third, as not only did he nearly win the National before the war, on Davy Jones, when his rein broke as he was approaching the last fence, a disappointment he took with the most wonderful spirit, but this spring he has had several nasty falls, damaging his ribs. The last of these was at Cheltenham, from which he had barely had time to recover, and it was a very plucky effort to ride in this gruelling test of stamina for both horse and jockey.

ONCE again I stayed at the Adelphi for two days of the Grand National Meeting, and I found many faces, familiar in the racing world, who have stayed there for previous Grand Nationals, including Major Noel Furlong, who won the great race in 1935 and 1936 with Reynoldstown, which he trained himself, Mr. Rank, who was hopeful that his good horse Prince Regent would eclipse his third of 1946, and Lord Mildmay with his great friend Mr. Peter Cazalet, who rode in several Nationals and now trains and turns out many winners from his well-run stable at Fairlawn, in Kent. Mr. John Morant, who won the race in 1946 with Lovely Cottage, which he ran again this year, was also there, and Major and Mrs. Bertie Bankier with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. John Hislop, one of the best amateurs riding to-day, who was third in last year's National on Kami but not so fortunate this year, as he had a fall on Cloncarrig. But he had a winner at the meeting when he rode Prince Ki to victory in a bumper race on the first day for Mr. Procter, owner of Sheila's Cottage. Two other visitors were Mr. Fulke Walwyn and Mr. George Beeby, who both trained fancied runners for the race.

Out at Aintree the family concern of Tophams, who run the racecourse so efficiently and each year cope with an enormous influx of visitors from all parts of the world, are to be congratulated once again, together with Sir Kenneth Gibson, the hard-working and popular Clerk of the Course, on a well-organised meeting, and a course and jumps in splendid condition.

MANY felt sad as they looked at the empty private box of the Derby family, where for many years that great sportsman, the late Earl of Derby, always entertained a family party. This year his grandson, the present Earl of Derby, who succeeded him only in February, carried out his official duties as Steward at the meeting. The Earl of Sefton, who, with the Countess, has just returned from a visit to America, entertained a big party in his box, including Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Lord and Lady Adare, over from Ireland, Mr. Vincent Routledge and his daughter, the Hon. Peter Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Lancashire, Miss Monica Sherriff, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, and Lord Stavordale.

There were many American visitors, including Miss Sharman Douglas and her brother Peter, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Frankie More



Taking the first fence. First of the Dandies leads Sheila's Cottage (inside, centre)

More Aintree Personalities



Rear-Admiral H. B. Jacomb and Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Marten, father of one of the King's Equerries



Mrs. Thompson, the Hon. Isabel Monckton, youngest sister of Viscount Galway, and Capt. Featherstonhaugh



Col. and Mrs. Dewhurst during an interval between the races



Mr. Wallace with the Hon. Peter Ward and the Countess of Sefton



Mr. Peter and Miss Sharman Douglas, son and daughter of the U.S. Ambassador



Mrs. Guy Knight, Miss Catherine Loyd and Miss Ann Gibbs



Miss I. Williams, Mrs. Kenneth Davis and Miss Peggy Williams

Jennifer

O'Ferrall and shared their excitement when Luan Casca won the Champion 'Chase, and Mr. Bob Coe, a popular member of the U.S. Embassy and a keen racegoer, who was chatting to Lady Feversham, and told me he now owns a part share with Lord Stavordale of a 'chaser which had won at Fontwell the previous day. Another American owner was Mr. Paul Mellon with his little daughter, Catherine, who had come over from the United States to see his horse Caddie II. run in the National, but without success. Unfortunately, he did not get up to Aintree on the first day to see his magnificent 'chaser Blakeley Grove (which he bred himself at his stud in America) win the Stanley 'Chase. Only seven years old, Blakeley Grove, a powerful jumper, may easily be a future winner of the Grand National.

Visitors from Ireland who had come by sea and air included Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, Mr. Darby Rogers, the successful Irish trainer, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Pat Grey, who now make their home in Ireland. Her brother, Mr. Michael Hickman, told me he had flown up from London with Mr. Tom Ohlson in under the hour. The High Commissioner for Pakistan and the Begum Rahimtoola came over from Manchester, where they had been fulfilling official duties and were enjoying their first National; they are both keen on racing and have owned many good horses in India, winning, among other trophies, the Obaidullah Gold Cup, the Victory Cup, in Bombay, and the Governor's Cup, in Poona. His Excellency told me he hoped soon to have some horses in training in this country.

THE paddock was crowded with the forty-three runners for the National, and among those I noticed watching the horses in the centre, around a magnificent bed of scarlet tulips edged with white hyacinths, besides the owners I have already mentioned, were Lord Bicester, chatting to Sir Peter and Lady Grant Lawson; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, Mrs. Rank looking very pretty in navy blue; Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Wilson and Mr. Keith Cameron and his wife, who was very attractive in a yellow tailored coat.

Around the paddock in the big crowd were Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Cazenove, Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, Lady Mary Cambridge, Miss Anne Clifford in navy blue, with pale-blue gloves; Miss Rose Grimston, Lady Pigott-Brown and her fiancé, Mrs. Vera Milburn and her sister-in-law, Lady Milburn, who had both come over from Yorkshire; Lord and Lady Grimthorpe and his son and heir, the Hon. Christopher Beckett, who had come in a bus from Yorkshire, as had Capt. Tony Weatherall and several other young officers. Mrs. Carlos Clarke, very chic in navy blue, was receiving congratulations on winning the Lancashire Hurdle with her nice horse Agramante III., and the Marquess of Hartington was escorting his wife, who was wearing bottle-green and a red cap. Lady Gage I saw one day wearing nice red tweeds and very unusual green suede boots. I met Lady Gibson, who had come on from Lincoln, where she had enjoyed the racing in lovely weather with her husband; Lady Elizabeth Lumley, very attractive in fawn; Mrs. Cutlack, who is always so hospitable at her home near Newmarket, and said she was looking forward to the opening of the season at "Headquarters"; Mr. Tom Blackwell, who had rather a disappointing meeting; Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie,

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Crewdson and Mr. Stanhope Joel with his attractive wife and two daughters, who came over from Chester each day with Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Lesslie. Mr. Jimmy Jarvis came over from Manchester, as did Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Lady Lavinia Green and Miss Lena Ramsden.

Others who came to see this great race were Sir William Cooke, whom I noticed getting to the course in the very crowded local train; Mrs. Pat Carlyle, very pretty in grey; Mr. John and Miss Jane Healing, who were in their seats on top of the county stand near Mrs. Harrop; Mr. Pat Dennis, who was dispensing his usual hospitality to his friends in the car-park between races, including Sir Arthur and Lady Pilkington, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, and Mrs. Moore. Also Mr. and Mrs. Schweder, and Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Campbell with their daughter Fiona, who looked most attractive and sunburnt from her stay in Switzerland, as did Mrs. Pretzlik, who had also been out to the snow. Major David Lycett-Green, who was stationed in Liverpool for some time during the war, was meeting many wartime friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Van den Berg, Mrs. Robin Macalpine in a nice suit with a very full skirt; Mr. Geoffrey Taylor, Miss Bobby Collinge, the Earl and Countess of Northesk, Mrs. Fulke Walwyn and Mrs. Dennistown were others there.

MANY of their friends who were unable to be present at their wedding, which took place in the U.S. in December, were delighted at the opportunity of wishing A/Cdr. and Lady Cynthia Payne every happiness when they recently gave an excellent rum-cocktail party at Claridges. Lady Cynthia looked as attractive as ever, wearing a new length black taffeta dress with a very full skirt, and her only daughter, Betsan, whose husband, Capt. Matthew Page-Wood, is away now soldiering in Palestine, looked sweet also in black. There were several other members of her family at the party, including her charming mother, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Littleton, and her brothers, the Earl of Bandon, with a pink carnation in his buttonhole, and his twin, the Hon. Charles Bernard.

Mr. Arthur Paget was sitting on a sofa chatting to the Countess of Midleton, Mrs. Arthur Paget I saw looking very chic in grey, and the Comtesse Rolland de la Poye, better remembered as the Hon. Enid Paget, was meeting many friends with her husband: it was their first party over here since their marriage, as they have been having a long honeymoon in Marakeesh and France, and she told me they were only over in England for a very brief visit. The Marquess and Marchioness of Reading were chatting to their host and Lord Teynham, who, it will be remembered, got the D.S.O. for his outstanding courage, leadership and skill during the build-up of the Normandy beachhead.

Others enjoying this very good party were Princess de Ligne, Mr. Macdonald Hastings with his wife, who was in grey with one of the newest Paris hats, Mrs. Akerman, of the U.S. Embassy, wearing an original hat of white straw and lace with a lace cravat to match, and Mr. Patrick Stormonth Darling, who was chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Thornton. The host and hostess, like many other newly-marrieds, are busy flat-hunting, as, although they have two flats, neither is big enough to make a permanent home for both of them.



A small bridal attendant, Jane Humphreys-Davies, aged three, assists the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Brian Humphreys-Davies, to cut the cake.

Wedding of Miss Jill Cooper



Mrs. B. U. Strange (formerly the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend) and Mr. C. Colin Cooper. The wedding was at St. George's, Hanover Square



Air Marshal Sir William Elliot and Lady Elliot with Mr. Michael Carey



The bridal attendants sit down to tea. They include Jane Humphreys-Davies, Anne Bucknill, Anne Chrystal, Dawn Lawrence, Elizabeth Frere, Harry Frere and Michael Humphreys-Davies

Self-Profile

David Macdonald

by David Macdonald

"After seven and a half years on a plantation . . . I visited Hollywood. There I washed my hands in film emulsion and couldn't get the darned stuff off"

I WAS born in a little place called Rhu, in Dumbartonshire, on May 9th, 1904. My father was an engineer, the seventh son of a Presbyterian minister who practised in County Argyll. I was the last of the seven arrivals.

Looking back over forty years the picture of my youth seems a trifle faded. I received, however, a certain amount of education, three years at Glasgow Academy and then to England and Denstone College. School dramatics? But, of course! I was an all-too-happy Hamlet, a considerable Cassius, and a distinctly commendable King Henry in two parts. I left school believing I was God's gift to the English stage. My father—bless him—considered that the stage was the beginning of the end—the end of what I never discovered. So he got to work and fixed me a job as a very junior rubber planter, and I was packed off to Malaya.

After seven and a half years on a plantation I finally got long leave to England, during which I visited Hollywood. There I washed my hands in film emulsion and couldn't get the darned stuff off. Eventually I arrived back in the Far East, and took over the management of a plantation in Kedah, on the Malay-Siamese border, but even this wouldn't clean off the emulsion. So I packed up and made for Hollywood again.

I knew I could act—but then, as I later found out, so did some 40,000 others in Hollywood. With no qualifications except my knowledge of Far Eastern languages, I decided to play these up. I got a job as technical adviser on a film called *Prestige*, starring Ann Harding, Adolphe Menjou and Melvyn Douglas. Melvyn left for New York shortly after the film was finished and asked me to go with him, so I went. Finances began to melt and I returned to Hollywood, but the slump had set in, and for nine months I nearly starved. God, how hungry I was in those days!

With de Mille

I GOT discouraged and was going to pack my bags, when Cecil B. de Mille heard of me and gave me a job—again as technical adviser. After that I acted as an extra for five dollars a day. Then de Mille called for me again and made me second assistant director on *Four Frightened People*. Afterwards we did *Cleopatra*, *The Crusades*, and several other films together. Later on I joined Raoul Walsh and came to England with him as his assistant on *O.H.M.S.*

We made it for Michael Balcon at Shepherd's Bush. Balcon recommended me as a director, and I made *Double Alibi*—a "quickie"—at Wembley Studios. Those were the days when pictures had to be made dead on schedule. I learnt to make decisions—right or wrong. Other and more ambitious pictures followed, and I was making *This England*, with Connie Cummings, Emlyn Williams and John Clements, when war came.

I felt rather helpless. On Monday, September 4th, 1939, I went to the War Office and offered my services. They told me they only wanted young men. I assured them I was young. They advised me to go home and wait.

Then in December 1939 the Director of Military Intelligence sent me to France to do a "hush-hush" job of organising and photographing "top secret" equipment. On returning home I directed *Men of the Lightship*, a reconstruction of the East Dudgeon lightship disaster.

"Desert Victory"

THE War Office called me back and asked me to form the Army Film Unit for Major-General Ian Hay Beith, Director of Public Relations. I got hold of Capt. Walter Tennyson D'Eyncourt and Capt. Harry Rignold. Walter was later captured at the fall of Tobruk; Harry was killed, camera in hand, landing with me on the beaches of Salerno. We three eventually were sent to the Middle East to organise the A.F.U. out there. We started with three officers and one sergeant, and by the time we had finished the unit had a ration strength of 150. I later worked with several distinguished soldiers, and there is much that I owe to two of them—in particular, Lord Burnham and Col. Walter Elliot, both men of great vision, charm and wisdom.

A big event in my life happened some time later when, on a freezing Christmas Eve, I sat in a bombed house in Benghazi with Major Sean Fielding, who was serving with Public Relations Staff. Together in that dismal and soulless house we scraped together a fire, ate some lukewarm rations and worked out the final plan that was to be the blue-print of the film *Desert Victory*. I came home to make the film from official photographic records of Alamein, and was ably assisted by Capt. Roy Boulting. The film finished, Mr. Churchill summoned me to fly to the U.S. with a print of *Desert Victory* and a personal letter to President Roosevelt.

I did a ten-weeks lecture tour in the States and showed *Desert Victory* 130 times. Back in England, I stayed here three days and flew to the Middle East to re-group the A.F.U. for the Sicilian campaign. In this I worked in close liaison with Col. Philip Astley. After this job, I landed at Salerno with the U.S.A. Fifth Army, and at Cassino fell ill with malaria and jaundice.



In the Western Desert. David Macdonald was awarded the M.B.E. for his services with the Army Film Unit

Burma—and Home

INVADED to England, I recuperated and prepared to organise an A.F.U. team for the Normandy landings. The doctors said I was unfit to go, and graded me down. I became O.C. of the A.F.U. Depot, Pinewood Studios. I stuck this for six months and on recovering my health, set off for Burma at the request of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, to film the Burma campaign. I finished the film *Burma Victory*, and again went to America on a lecture tour, taking this film with me. Three months later, I was demobbed.

Since the war I have made *The Brothers*, *Good-Time Girl*, *The Bad Lord Byron*, and *Snowbound*, which has just appeared. The future? Sydney Box mentions *Christopher Columbus*. I like him mentioning things like that.



On location in Skye to make his first post-war film from L. A. G. Strong's novel *The Brothers*, which featured Patricia Roc, Maxwell Reed and the late Will Fyffe



Dr. M. D. Nunan, president of the National University of Ireland Club, which held the dinner at the May Fair, with Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, and Mr. J. W. Dulanty, the Eire High Commissioner in London

Irish in London Celebrate St. Patrick's Night



Mrs. Michael Smyth and G/Capt. Monsignor Beauchamp, C.B.E., M.C., were among the guests



Professor Thomas Bodkin, the eminent authority on painting, who is a Dubliner, and Canon Warlock



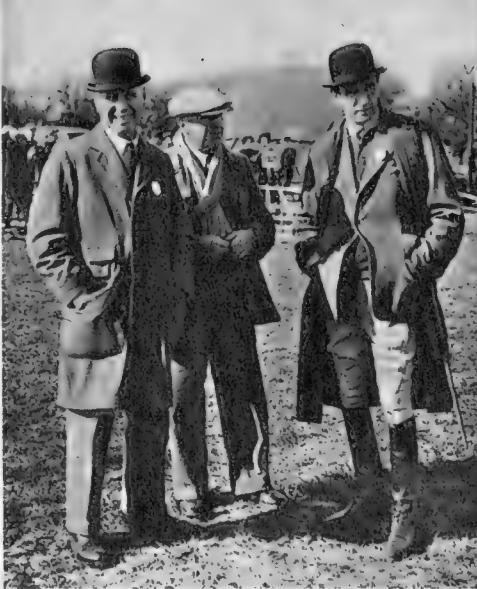
Dr. T. Tangney, the Secretary, Mr. Lindsay-Rea, Sir Thomas Molony, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, and Mrs. Magner



Dr. Tangney, Miss Joy Carey, Dr. Paddy Carey, Miss Muriel Barry-Walsh, Dr. D. O'Driscoll, Miss F. O'Hara and Dr. E. P. Carey



Mr. S. H. Fuller and Mr. E. U. Bloor watching the parade for the Adjacent Hunts Race



Mr. F. Buckingham, Mr. T. Howard and Mr. J. Colling, the trainer, in the paddock



Leading over the first fence in the Suffolk Hunt Race. P. Jackson on Danno (No. 5), the winner, and m...



Capt. and Mrs. A. J. Sellar, whose Artist II. was in the Nomination (Open) Race



Mrs. S. H. Fuller with Mrs. Stephen Howe, whose Cheekpoint was also a competitor

THE SUFFOLK HUNT NEAR BURY ST EDMUNDS

A Popular East Anglian...



Major Nevile with his daughter, Mrs. P. Peel, checking off their race-cards outside the weighing-in tent



Sir John Agnew, who was High Sheriff of Suffolk last year, with Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Horne



Mr. A. Bullas falls. Jumping in the centre is Mr. Raker. In the foreground, the camera is Mr. D. J. Raker on Lightning, second

HUNT MEETING T. EDMUNDS

ent is Held at Lackford



Mrs. W. Simpson, Mrs. J. McDonald and Mr. W. Simpson in the saddling enclosure



Major T. Wilson talking to Major K. Agnew and Baroness Schaffalitzky



Mrs. McInnes-Skinner, Mrs. T. L. Dearbergh and Miss S. Dearbergh



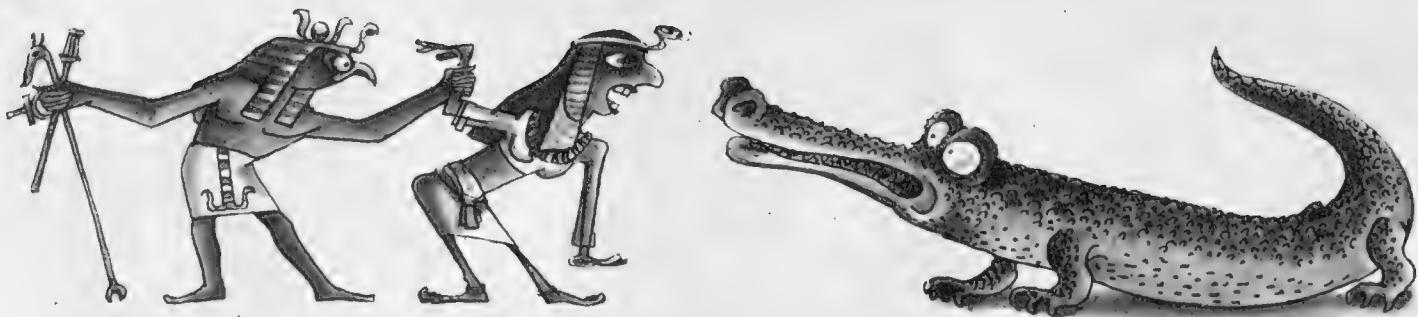
Mr. G. Bullard, winner of the Adjacent Hunts Race, and his mother, Mrs. Gerald Bullard



Mrs. J. Sweeney with Lt.-Col. H. E. Hambray, a prominent Suffolk figure and former Joint-Master



Mr. F. W. Hammond and Major Neville compare their choices for an event. The meeting was held at Buildings Farm, Lackford



"Gods, help our sacred crocodiles!"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations
by Wysard]

Standing By ...

WOMAN BITES CROCODILE ON SNOUT" is certainly news, and no one could grudge the Fleet Street boys the flush of pride with which they featured it on the Front Page recently. How fortunate that one of them happened to be in the wilds of Southern Rhodesia at the time.

Nevertheless one can't help feeling that, like all news, it's happened before—most likely, and more than once, to the Sacred Crocodile of the Temple of Shedet in the Faiyûm some centuries ago. This famous animal was festooned with exquisite jewelled earrings and bracelets, and would thus be readily bitten by women. In fact an Egyptologist tells that when Grenfell and Hunt were digging for papyri in the Faiyûm they came across a baffling verse in hieratic writing :

O Woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!
When Envy calls and Chic beguiles—
Gods, help our sacred crocodiles!

The accompanying hieroglyph showed a slim girl with flaming kohl-darkened eyes in a saucy little triangular skirt being held back with bared teeth from the crocodile-pool by several officials bearing wands. Grenfell and Hunt never thought of applying to the Rue de la Paix for a clue, oddly enough. In some of those glittering temples the musical cry "Sacré crocodile!" often means a bandaged snout on the floor of the Bourse next day, our spies report. No connection with the Faiyûm, but just interesting.

Terror

MONSIEUR HENRI VERDOUX, the French bank-clerk who has just lost his case against the Hollywood film-boys, from whom he wanted five million francs' damages because the murderer in the latest Chaplin film is also a French bank-clerk named Monsieur Henri Verdoux, is more to be pitied than censured, like the lady in the song. It was worth taking a crack. On the other hand, the idea can be overdone.

An example of how it can be overdone in this country still stinks in inky nostrils. A Sunday paper serial some years ago featured a villain named something like J. Wallaby Poopsnade. An obscure theatrical personage named J. Wallaby Poopsnade suddenly pricked up his ears, took a chance, sued the paper, and won thumping damages. The entire British inky world then rose up on its hind-legs and screamed so loudly that the Law of Libel was subsequently amended, in a typically Island manner; that is, as Chesterton remarked, "not by anything so logical and pedantic as a new law, but simply by another judge's saying that the law meant the exact opposite of what the first judge said it meant." And Chesterton's description of the monstrous enigma of the present Law of Libel still holds good. It is "the English way of maintaining a Terror."



Mirage

ASWEETHEART named Phyllis, awarded three years in the cooler after a mix-up with four citizens bearing richly exotic Oriental names, cast a somewhat wilful glamour on a somewhat dull quarter by calling herself the Uncrowned Queen of Soho, we observed.

Soho ceased to be glamorous when the last Ambassador quitted Soho Square, which is some time ago. The Yellow Book boys absurdly overromanticised it, though the little restaurants where you could then get a wellcooked meal and a bottle of good red wine for half-a-crown were not to be despised. Soho's wildest charm (to us) is that its leading and highly-respectable locals are nearly all descendants of refugee revolutionaries—men of 1848 and 1871, Communards, Carlists, Garibaldians, those fiercely-whiskered boys you see in faded prints, bristling with pistols and bidding defiance to the world. Hence no modern uncrowned Queen of Soho would interest Papa Gaudin for one, we guess. She is what a Yellow Book poet called a *papillon du pavé*, clearly dated :

A painted butterfly sits there,
Who sickens of the café-chaff,
And down the sultry evening air
She flings her sudden weary laugh . . .

Brooding over their absinthe and feeling exquisitely wicked and done-up, the 1890 boys deliberately fooled the Race, one can't help feeling. Naughty Mr. Wilde, naughty Mr. Dowson, naughty Mr. Le Gallienne, naughty Mr. Symons, run away before Nanny smacks you.

Gourmet

IF we were that Scottish film-actress tired of "dull London ideas" who is starting her own company with a film of Mary Queen of Scots across the Border, we'd begin on a national theme of more immediately topical appeal, such as the unrationed adventures of Crysty of the Klek, in glorious Technicolor.

Crysty of the Klek got quite a name some little time ago for trapping and eating the female citizens of Perth. Some time later another gourmet famous in Scots song and story named Sawney Bean got the same idea, though less choosy. The conclusion is that (a) the Scots must be much tastier than they look, and (b) Burns's complaint about Bony Mary of Argyle is more directly addressed to *bons vivants* than it seems to be. And if it comes to that we have our suspicions of Bony Leslie as well. She skipped o'er the Border, maybe, to escape being devilled.

Saga

AN aged citizen boasting that he once cleaned bowled W. G. Grace in his youth had nothing whatever to contribute to the Grace Cycle, a national saga to which we occasionally add a modest canto or two for the Race's benefit.

Two of our variations on this exalted theme are already more or less accepted as authentic by the Living Dead, to wit :

1. The Chocolate Bat incident ;
2. The incident of the Missing Actress.

No. 1 grew naturally from the wellknown fact that Doc Grace when in a rage at the wicket frequently devoured his bat with horrible grimaces. A bat of plain chocolate (for "display" terms apply Advertising Manager) brought back the old smile. No. 2, more mystifying, concerns the period in 1885-6 when Grace grew sick of carrying his bat after a century and began carrying little actresses instead. While snuggling up one of these saucy wantons lost herself in Doc Grace's beard. Piercing cries were heard, but soon died away. On reaching the Pavilion Grace had hardly raised his little cap before Les 17 Folies-Bataclan Girls slipped off the M.C.C.'s knees and made much of him. "Oh, dur fromage, Monsieur!" they cried laughingly. The incident then ended.

Footnote

SERIOUS cricketers often urge us breathlessly to tell them what became of the poor little lost actress. She was never found, alas, thus providing No. 3 of the Grace Cycle :

3. The cry from the Haunted Beard.

Some day we'll go into that, too, if you're not careful.

Exotic

INTRODUCING a broadcast of Manuel de Falla's *La Vida Breve* the other night, the announcer naturally ignored the implications of the name of De Falla's librettist, the poet Carlos Fernández-Shaw (1865-1911), a vivid arrangement due to the occasional Spanish custom of adding one's mother's surname to one's own.

If you think the "Shaw" half spells nothing colourful and Leedsy to a foreign ear (when Balzac wanted to surround a woman with romantic mystery he caused her to be born in Birmingham), let us tell you about a poet of Budapest in the fairytale 1900's. With a gipsy orchestra playing *czardas* at his elbow this dreamer kept eagerly questioning a friend of ours about Camberwell, of which he had just read in a book on Browning, who lived there.

Our friend naturally did his best for Camberwell, its Renaissance palaces, its dazzling nightlife, and its cruel, exquisite women. The gipsies swayed and yearned, dashing Hungarian cavalry-officers drank and sang and flirted, the moon swung low over the magic city, and this youthful citizen of Budapest sighed and said : "Camberwell, c'est bien le pays de la Poésie, hein ?" and our friend said emphatically : "Camberwell, c'est le paradis." The gipsies then triumphantly struck up the Racóczy March from *Zigeunerbaron*.



S/Ldr. Clive and Col. Adam Block, who was one of the riders. The Hertfordshire country lies both in Herts and Beds., and varies a great deal, including pasture, plough and woodland

THE HERTFORDSHIRE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT AT FRIAR'S WASH



Lt.-Col. D. G. Port, Lord-Lieutenant of Bedfordshire, and Mr. A. H. Gosling



Mr. and Mrs. Watney and Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Middleton. Mr. Middleton is Secretary of the Hunt



Mr. Dick Micklem saddling Hannah Lightfoot for its rider, Miss M. Fletcher, ready for the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' race



Major Wykenham Musgrave, M.C. (Judge), and Capt. R. C. Faulconer, M.C., Joint-Master

Capt. Hartley and Miss R. West watching the horses coming past in a race

Mrs. Maurice Jordan and Mr. Eric Blundell were studying their cards

Dr. Hill (Secretary of the B.M.A.) and Mr. Frank Lauton, the actor, on the course



J. G. Russell

Highland Sport in the 'Nineties was a serious business, as this picture of a Ross-shire shooting-party demonstrates. The brave, trussed up in garments suitable for cricket in a malarial jungle, are about to take leave of the fair—one of whom has found the emotions of farewell insupportable. The ladies have gone solid for the New Look. Surely this photographer wrought better than he knew, both in challenging to-day's technique and in titillating our sense of the faintly, yet exquisitely, absurd (with the uneasy qualification: what shall we look like to 1998?)

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

THE Grand National usually furnishes a tale of woe, with not a few hard-luck stories tacked on to it, and this year was no exception. By the time these notes see the light of day they will of necessity be entirely retrospective. Repetition is the most boring thing in the world. Sometimes, however, a snapshot of the past comes in very handy for the modelling of the future, since it preserves things which in the fury and flurry of the battle may well have been overlooked.

The first obligation of all is to congratulate the owner, Mr. J. Procter, the trainer, Captain Neville Crump, and the jockey, A. P. Thompson, of Sheila's Cottage, who, I believe would have won even if Zahia had not run out. First of the Dandies, after being in the fighting-line practically all the way, had said his piece, and Cromwell, likewise, had had about all that he wanted. There only remains the doubt as to how many shots Zahia had left in the locker. She was well up all the way; in her ground over the last three or four fences and over that most unfriendly obstacle just before the Anchor Bridge (No. 12 and 28), a far worse place than Becher's, where, incidentally, there is not such a drop as the photographers would like people to believe.

Aintree is practically a flat course. It was at this hairy obstacle, 5 ft. high 3 ft. thick, with a 5 ft. 6 in. ditch 4 ft. deep beyond, that Sheila's Cottage was knocked down last year by a loose horse. She never fell and was going and jumping beautifully. She hardly put a foot wrong in this year's race. So much for that.

The Casualties

THE worst of all was Lord Mildmay's. A previous bad fall had obviously partially dislocated his neck, and it is said, on his own authority, that he could not see the last two fences at all, and, naturally, could not give the gallant Cromwell very much help. The wonder is that Lord Mildmay is still here at all. Courage and determination such as this are beyond praise. My little Irish friend and I have got to take it back about Cromwell's recent Lingfield performance. Coming on top of the Davy Jones calamity of 1936, Lord Mildmay is owed nothing by the most vixenish of the goddesses in Olympus, if that still happens to be their home town.

As to Silver Fame, I do not think there is much to say. He went away jumping perfectly. Gormanstown jumped across him at Becher's. As to what happened to Caughoo, at the Canal Turn the second time round, I must depend upon my Irish observer, who was thereabouts. His note says: "He was not out of striking distance and had been gradually closing on them after jumping the water. Isn't it time they softened the turn? I'd cut out the fence

entirely and do away with that right-angle. Lough Conn bursting a blood vessel first time over Valentine's was a sore sorrow. He jumped like a buck as usual, and his recent adventures in Ireland, where you thought he had been over-raced, did him no harm at all."

This brave little horse certainly took charge at the start and was captain of the ship till his jockey got a hold on him. I think everyone was glad when dear old Prince Regent was stopped. To go on would only have meant a very bad fall.

Now what ought we to remember for next year if we are all still alive? Zahia most certainly, ditto Cromwell, First of the Dandies, who put up a wonderful performance, Happy Home, ditto Silver Fame, for I do not take too much notice of this fall, Sir John, a name which may surprise you, Caughoo, about whose adventures we cannot be sure, Cloncarrig, who was downed by that Anchor Bridge fence; but I do not think Rowland Roy, Revelry or Roimond.

Mares' Successes

THERE are many more than we think, and considering the comparatively few of the sex who have competed the winning percentage is pretty high. The complete list has not apparently been published, so here it is for scrapbook purposes: 1841, Charity, a bay mare (14 to 1); 1852, Miss Mowbray, a rank outsider, ridden by Mr. A. Goodman; 1860, Anatis (7 to 2), ridden by Mr. Thomas, 1861, Jealousy (5 to 1); 1863, Emblem (4 to 1) and 1864, Emblematic (10 to 1); own sisters, both chestnuts, both

owned by Lord Coventry and both ridden by George Stevens; 1872, Casse Tete (20 to 1), another chestnut; 1880, Empress (8 to 1), ridden by Mr. Tommy Beasley, who also won it on Woodbrook the following year; 1883, Zoedone (100 to 8), ridden by Count Charles Kinsky, whom I met when I was rather a young person, and who remained my beau ideal of a G.R. for many years. The wicked ones poisoned Zoedone next time she ran, because she had been too heavily doubled up with Bendigo, the Lincoln winner, and she fell like a stone; 1889, Frigate (8 to 1), another winner for Tommy Beasley; 1902, Shannon Lass (20 to 1), and now 1948, Sheila's Cottage (50 to 1), who is to be retired to the stud.

I do not wish to be discouraging, but the fact remains that none of these mares that have won the National has produced anything good enough even to get into the first three in the great 'Chase. No one, so far as I know, has ever deliberately set out to breed a Grand National horse or, in fact, any other kind of steeplechase horse, and this cannot be because the added money is not generous, but because these horses are usually gelded, and so, once their racing career is over, are not of much further value. There is no earthly reason why more entires than is actually the case should have not won the Grand National.

Why not a race for entires, not over six years of age, over four miles or so of Aintree? There might be a pretty good response after the thing had become well established. I believe this to be a good suggestion.

Watermanship

ON the Turf there is a loose saying: "He's good enough to fall down, then win!" It may have happened where jumping is concerned, though I do not think that it has: on the flat it never has and never will. This year's Cambridge crew proved conclusively that it can happen afloat. Watermanship is the same as horsemanship. Crabs are caught in various ways, feathering under water being the most popular; the work being set too low is another. Being a heavy crew, Cambridge righted themselves with almost amazing swiftness. The engines had stopped. That good stroke Barton, who, incidentally, is an Irishman, St. Columbos and Jesus, never let them go to bits, as they might so easily have done, and would most certainly have done, if they had been a lightweight crew. That recovery was a masterpiece of watermanship and must go down not only in Cambridge rowing history, but history. The critics called the Cambridge crew almost everything: slow with their hands, rough and unready, and so forth. They cut the record for the course (their own)—18 mins. 3 secs.—by 13 seconds, and going as they were, it is quite possible they might have cut it by even more.



EMMWOOD'S

WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 14)

A highly ornamental bird, seldom aggressive, but formidable when roused



The Lankshanked Woolsac Roller—or Parti Big-Wig

(Letsavereres-Thishingsard)

ADULT MALE: General colour above tawny-fulvous; the bird is normally found to be wearing a somewhat quaint headcrest of long, curled, fusty-looking feathers; it is even more quaint if caught without this crest; beak large and predatory curved; mandibles bluish; neck feathers starchy and lace-like in appearance; body feathers blue, being much gilded and furbelowed at extremities of the primaries; the bird would appear to have several useless appendages at the tail and wing-covert tips: these latter often interfering with smooth flight if not carefully handled; shanks long and spindly; rather bulky at the upper joints, indeterminate below; feet shiny and slippery; the metatarsus bones are often found to be buckled, due, no doubt, to the bird's inordinate fondness for roosting.

HABITS: The Parti Big-Wig, apart from its gorgeous appearance and lordly demeanour, has many quaint little habits. The bird's sepulchral cry, a kind of "Wherhdevilishblacap," is admitted, by those hapless enough to have heard it, most disconcertingly arresting. The bird will

roost for long hours on a great heap of animal matter: moving only when the flock rises; or when stiffness threatens to cramp its style. The Parti Big-Wig will defend, most gallantly, that upon which it is wont to roost.

Although the bird is a most laborious member of its genus, it has been observed to be extremely liberal-minded in many of its more energetic flights of fancy. The bird is recognised as being the layer, *Ne Plus Ultra*, of the species.

HABITATS: The bird has been found nesting at Westminster, off and on, for a great number of years: it is only of late, however, that it has taken to nest permanently in those areas. The Big-Wig's disused nests in the Home Counties, as also the ones to be found in the riverside precincts of London, are most valuable, or so it would appear by the fabulous prices offered by the more enterprising collectors. Although the bird is most attractive to watch at its woolgatherings, many of its ardent admirers would prefer to see it back on one of the many bars, or perches, that abound in the older London temples.



Scoreboard

THE ABSENT-MINDED REPORTER

Someone-or-other beat Somebody-else in the which-is-the-number Round,
And the Whosits lost to the Thingumajigs on the former's or latter's ground,
And, after the game at What's-its-name, a back or an outside right
Said, "Put me down on the transfer list," and a manager said, "I might."

WILL our cricket tour in the West Indies end without all eleven M.C.C. players having to bowl in one innings? This, and the atrocious quality of the beer, are the subjects of the hour in the clubs, dives and discussion groups of London, N.W.8; and a damn sight more interesting than Simultaneous Equations or the disappearance of the Digamma in Attic Greek, quoth the Honourable Percy Pook, gently rubbing the tip of his turn-up nose with a piece of chalk filched from Boodles.

Statistical sharks and ass-eared antiquarians can no doubt tell me how many times all eleven players have had a trundle in one innings. One instance sticks in my mind, that weltering morass, Surrey versus Hampshire at the Oval in summer 1897, when a London navvy shouted, "Go it, old girl," to Queen Victoria during her Diamond Jubilee progress. R. Abel (173) and W. Brockwell (225) put up 379 for Surrey's first wicket. At number 3, Tom Hayward was run out for 0, having temporarily lost the use of his legs through long expectation.

The bowling in the Surrey innings was done by Soar, Baldwin, Light, Steele, Lee, Wynyard (Jobs), Ward, Webb, Barton, Kitchener (not Lord), and the captain-wicketkeeper, Charles Robson. Soar (5 for 127) was the most successful. Prophetically considered, an ominous name for a bowler.

CRUSOE'S CUP-FINAL FORECAST

A HUNDRED THOUSAND pairs of eyes will be watching the Cup Final at Wembley's historic stadium, and several million pairs of ears will be listening to the commentary transmitted by virtue of Signor Marconi's miraculous invention. Every true footballer has the word Wembley inscribed on his heart. Manchester United and Blackpool both have it in them to win, lose, or, failing both these, to draw. Blackpool have fast and elusive forwards; the United can boast experienced and tireless half-backs. On the outcome of this struggle for supremacy the issue may well depend.

Which will have triumphed when the last whistle blows? Both sides prefer a dry surface. If it should be wet and slippery, the team that adapts itself more readily to the conditions will, in all probability, carry off the coveted trophy. It will be remembered by those who have any memory that, in 1884-85, a very wet winter and spring, frequently referred to by Mr. W. E. Gladstone, the centre-forward of the ultimate winners, when about to shoot, stuck in the mud. It took the combined efforts of the referee and the two linesmen to extract him. Of the two goalkeepers, Blackpool's has no superior at tipping shots over the bar, whereas the United custodian is unrivalled at fielding the ankle-teasers. It should, therefore, be the object of the United to shoot low and hard, while Blackpool should aim into the top corners of the net.

Nor should one forget the part played by nerves in these encounters, when previous form is apt to go by the board. My tip, therefore, is Manchester United; failing that, Blackpool. Or, as I have already hinted, the match may end in a draw.

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All Countries.]



Clapperton, Selkirk

The Lauderdale recently met at Sunderland Hall, Galashiels, the home of a former M.F.H., Major C. Scott Plummer—the first meet the Hunt has held there for thirty-five years. The Lauderdale hunts about 240 sq. miles in Roxburgh, Berwick, Selkirk and Midlothian, and is a neighbour of the Berwickshire and the Duke of Buccleuch's

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Charade"
"Shapton Affairs"
"Turnstile One"
"The Voice of the Corpse"
Reprints

CHARADE" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) is John Mortimer's first novel—or is it? I find no reference on the wrapper or first inside page to any other work of fiction by him; yet *Charade* is written with such assurance that it is hard to see Mr. Mortimer as a newcomer. Perhaps, however, this signalises the dawn of a golden age in which first novels need no longer be timid, aggressive or inexpert. One is grateful for this author's lightness of touch, which makes possible a blend of comedy with an odd disturbing romanticism and, here and there, grimness.

The subject of *Charade* is, "the manners and obsessions of the film fraternity." Recently, Ludwig Bemelmans gave America a masterpiece (*Dirty Eddie*, not yet published here), which has been described as "The novel about Hollywood to end all novels about Hollywood." But, in this country, with the British film trade making rapid growth, the fun, we may take it, is still only just beginning. Or, rather, was only just beginning: Mr. Mortimer brings it to fast and furious pitch.

BRITAIN, we find, can produce something not less idiosyncratic than California. Here we are given the Action Film Unit, at work on what is to be an epoch-making documentary on the subject of Army training, shooting Army exercises in the environs of an English seaside resort. The "I" of the story, a sensitive and serious young man learning film production, has been sent down to join the unit—he finds himself in what had been a holiday *milieu* of his childhood, and re-enters, as though in a dream, a correct hotel in which his frères, the film people, have already made themselves exceedingly unpopular.

Nor, having had our hero's account of his first meeting with the fraternity, headed by Doris (the Unit manager), in a local pub, can one wonder:

I hadn't been waiting long before there was a screeching of brakes in the road outside, several women ran into doorways or lay down on the pavement, and a van drew up to the curb. A remarkable procession entered. It was headed by a woman, Doris, I had no doubt, of quite embarrassing ugliness.

She wore grey flannel trousers and a fur coat; from her lake lips dangled a short cheroot. She was of indeterminate age, though certainly over forty... She moved very well, regally and barbarically, and the train of young men behind her shuffled and cowered like henchmen. They were unremarkable young men, I counted four or five of them, one had henna'd hair and another was very young. They all seemed to have been to the same tailor, a firm which specialised in making rough jackets from travelling rugs. Behind them walked a plump girl in trousers carrying a thermos flask and a portable typewriter. The rear was brought up by the driver of the van, a creature whose appearance I can only describe as Neanderthal. I still can't believe it is possible for knuckles to hang so near the ground.

When they were all in the pub they stood motionless before the bar, eyeing each other. This was no scene of reckless hospitality. How long their thirst and parsimony would have been balanced I have no idea. . . . *

THE Army, acting under instructions, is lending itself with mistrust and a certain languor to the technical goings-on of the film unit. During the shooting of a cliff-face exercise, there is an accident—or, is it an accident?—a rope breaks and an unpopular sergeant hurtles to his death. The tragedy, together with close-ups of the preceding minutes, remains recorded inside the movie camera. Everybody concerned—with the painful exception of our hero—seems, however, content to write the sergeant off without any further fuss. The fact that his death is the culmination of an awkward little drama, of which a number of people know, is ignored.

We are, indeed, given a bland little picture of total cynicism. It is a picture in which each single figure—the director, the director's wife, the script-writer, Doris, Daisy, the major, the sergeant's girl-wife—stands out, sharp-edged. Sharp-edged, but something better: not for nothing has Mr. Mortimer dwelled in the pages of Dostoevsky and Proust—his characters carry worlds of shadow behind them; they haunt themselves and they haunt us.... *Charade* ends with a query, but, also, on a note of something less trite (from the novelist's point of view) than youthful disillusionment. In the sunset, our hero drops a chromium powder compact from a cliff-top into the sea, and remarks its glittering fall. *Something* is over—but are we not at the beginning of something else?

An enchantingly gay seaside wrapper adorns *Charade*. This and the Book Society's recommendation issue a joint summons which you should not ignore.

Robert Tredinnick.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

IT isn't often that two such popular vocal works as Schubert's *Ave Maria* and the *Berceuse* ("Angels Guard Thee") appear on the same record. This latter work from Godard's opera *Jocelyn* has been played and sung in every known way. But I have never heard it so exquisitely rendered as it is now, sung by Beniamino Gigli, with an accompaniment by strings and harp, conducted by Rainaldo Zamboni, with the organ played by Herbert Dawson.

Gigli sings *Ave Maria* in Latin, and he uses the intrusive "h" which may disappoint some people. But the *Berceuse* is sung in perfect French.

This great artist has shown that the passing of years has not in any way marred the quality and feeling of his artistry. The accompaniment throughout is just as it should be, and the recording leaves nothing to be desired. The most fastidious critic will be unable to do more than sit back and approve. (H.M.V. DB. 6619.)

Robert Tredinnick.

SHAPTON AFFAIRS" (Pilot Press; 8s. 6d.) is another of Roger Armfield's delightful comedy-dramas of the educational world. It completes the trilogy of country life begun with *County Affairs* and *Village Affairs*. In

this case, Shapton is a small market town, in which the county education authority proposes to erect a new senior school: this scheme, for reasons entertainingly shown, has aroused alarm and despondency in a good many quarters. For instance, there is to be involved the "beheading" (as it is technically called) of several existing schools, and the out-and-out closing of others. Also, the interests of Shapton's ancient Grammar School seem threatened.

The Grammar School, as personified by its Governors, finds itself in a ticklish position—the buildings are out-of-date, improvements are being urged by the newly-appointed headmaster, but funds are short. It is open to the Governors to accept a grant from the local education authority; but, in that case, a degree of independence and, it is felt, tradition would have to be sacrificed.

The interviewing of candidates for the headmastership provides Mr. Armfelt, early on, with one of his most human comedy scenes. Lord Perridge, his Aunt Katy, Mr. Luke, Major Murray Parker and Miss Timms are touched in a genial Trollopian manner. Not less sympathetic is the agitated Miss Pringle, head-mistress of the nearby elementary school. The climax, with the demoniac unexplained ringing of Miss Pringle's school's bell and the almost simultaneous explosion of the Grammar School boiler, is worthy of a thriller. *Shapton Affairs* does, I think, render excellent service in presenting the actual facts of educational progress in fiction form. The time of the story is 1930—there have been, Mr. Armfelt points out, considerable changes since then: all the same, are there no Shaptons left? This novel, admirably open-minded, should irritate no reader and interest many.

* * *

"TURNSTILE ONE" (Turnstile Press; 10s. 6d.) is a *New Statesman and Nation* miscellany, the contents being selected from the columns of the famous weekly by its present literary editor, V. S. Pritchett. Stories, essays, criticism and poetry by contemporary writers are to be found—the standard is, as should be expected, high. In a brief but pointed Foreword, Mr. Pritchett outlines the purpose of *Turnstile One*. "To attempt an anthology that was both historical and representative, a literary record including all the names and all the moods of the last twenty years or so, seemed too solemn and egocentric.... Our more modest aim, in this present series—which we intend to continue—is to entertain."

This miscellany is first-rate value. In the poetry section we have a wide range—almost all to-day's prominent younger names; to which are added those of at least two distinguished persons more often associated with other arts. Short stories come from, among others, H. G. Wells, Anton Chekhov, Ethel Smyth, Julia Strachey, and the present Minister of Food. Under "Essays and Reviews" we have Rebecca West writing on Rudyard Kipling; Desmond MacCarthy on Chekhov; Lytton Strachey on the

President de Brosse; Virginia Woolf on "Gas at Abbotsford"; James Joyce's "From a Banned Writer to a Banned Singer"; Leonard Woolf's "The Economic Determination of Jane Austen"; Harold Nicolson on D. H. Lawrence; D. H. Lawrence's "Letter from Germany, 1928".... And this is far from all. *Turnstile One's* pretty pink, white and blue wrapper well sets the note of highbrow frivolity; and even without the wrapper the book still looks well—a fact worth recording in these days. Commended as an addition to your spring book-table—and one finds oneself looking forward to *Turnstile Two*.

* * *

MAX MURRAY, author of *The Voice of the Corpse* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is a newcomer to the field of detective fiction. The village in this tale is so charming that it seems a pity anything discordant should have had to happen there—equally charming, though

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS.

Cradle-croon:

Little White Cabbage.

*Little white cabbage
Lie still in your cribbage,
And eat up your porridge
For I'm in my dotage.*

*Suck up your sippet—
Come, come little poppet,
Lay to, now, and lap it
For I am decrepit.*

*Bite freely, pretty,
Though tastes it like putty,
Which someone's made sooty
For I'm going batty.*

*Eat, little lassie,
And don't be damn fussy,
For though it tastes lousy
I couldn't care lessy.*

JUSTIN RICHARDSON.

baffling, is the frankness of the inhabitants, who one and all declare that Miss Angela Pewsey, the murdere, is better dead, and that her slayer deserves to be honoured as a public benefactor. Seldom, in fact, has an arty-crafty lady been less esteemed—or, after death, less lamented.

It should be said that the inhabitants of Inchinc Round are less heartless than they might at first appear. Miss Pewsey not only spins dogs' hair on her spinning-wheel and carols folksongs; she is a vile-minded gossip; people make

a wide detour to avoid her window, at which she is constantly on the watch; and the poison-pen letters which have been tormenting the neighbourhood and darkening a number of decent lives, are pretty certainly traceable to her.

Is the removal, by violence, of a person who is a factor for evil justifiable morally—if not in the eyes of the law? Firth Prentice, the young solicitor unofficially investigating, comes to the conclusion that several of the more high-minded Inchinc Roundites might have thought so. This brings into range, as suspects, several attractive characters who are of anything but criminal type; and, accordingly, makes *The Voice of the Corpse* unusually subtle, as detective stories go. It should be said that the plot, though ingenious, is somewhat slight—not quite enough happens, and there is, to make up, here and there undue padding-out of the dialogue.

* * *

THIS spring, a number of famous and favourite novels, long lost to us through having gone out of print, return—and welcome as flowers of spring they are! First, E. G. Somerville's and Martin Ross's *The Real Charlotte*—in the "World's Classics" Series, Oxford University Press; 7s. This story of a terrifying spinster in an Irish country neighbourhood is, many people consider, in the Balzac class: coming from the otherwise smiling authors of the *Irish R.M.*, it is, by comparison, grim, but what a book, what a book! I could wish they had written more in this vein—who can forget Tally Ho Lodge, Charlotte Mullen's cat-ridden house at the edge of a country town? Who can forget poor pretty Francie, her little cousin from Dublin? *The Real Charlotte*, first published in 1894, tends, I fear, to make many modern novels seem pretty thin.

The Lesson of the Master, and Other Stories, shows Henry James at perfection in this particular manner. Some, in fact, of the stories in this collection are recognised as among the best he wrote—all turn on the same subject: the writer's art. It is to John Lehmann, Ltd., and that firm's "Chiltern Library," that we owe this book, which costs 8s. 6d.

To their "Novel Library," 6s. a volume, Messrs. Hamish Hamilton have added Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, Tolstoi's *Resurrection* and Jane Austen's *Emma*.



The High Commissioner's "At Home" at South Africa House

The Duke of Abercorn talking to Mr. S. F. Du Toit, the South African Minister Delegate to the Argentine

The High Commissioner and Mrs. Leif Egeland with the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Wells

Mrs. K. Pryce, who has come from Johannesburg to see the distribution of food parcels, with the Lady Mayoress of London



John Vickers

Lady Flower is the wife of Sir Newman Flower, head of the publishing house of Cassells. She is the daughter of Mr. James Downes, of Coore, Co. Clare, Eire, and married Sir Newman in 1943



Baird—Anderson

Major J. P. Baird, R.A.M.C., eldest son of the Rev. David and Mrs. Baird, of Lochgoilhead, Argyll, Scotland, married Miss Anne Patricia Anderson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David P. Anderson, of Houghton, Sussex, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Petrie—Nathan

Mr. Philip Sidney Petrie, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Burford Petrie, of Roebank, Rochdale, married Miss Phyllis Margaret Nathan, elder daughter of Major A. A. Nathan, of Kingston, Jamaica, and Mrs. John Poyser, of Oast House, Seaford, Sussex, at Battersea Parish Church



Cook—Thomson

Capt. Cedric George Lonsdale Cook, R.A., son of Brig. E. G. Cook, C.B.E., of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, married Miss Patricia Edith Thomson, daughter of the late Mr. J. G. Thomson, C.A., formerly general manager of the Peking-Mukden Railway, and Mrs. P. R. Thomson, of Bexhill, Sussex, at St. Peter's Church, Bexhill

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Allen—Thwaites

Capt. R. W. B. Allen, only son of Major and Mrs. R. B. Allen, of Ballachulish, Argyll, married Miss Annie Thwaites, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. N. G. Thwaites, of London, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge



Dudley Ryder—Soames

Mr. Edward Dorrien Dudley Ryder, son of Major and Mrs. H. Dudley Ryder, of Rayces, Turner's Hill, Sussex, married Miss Valerie Nina Soames, daughter of Mr. J. B. Soames, of Kenya Colony, and Mrs. N. H. Drury, of Dorset House, Gloucester Place, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Kenworthy—Sandeman

The Hon. Basil Frederick de la Pole Kenworthy, youngest son of Lord Strabolgi and Doris Lady Strabolgi, married Miss Chloë Sandeman, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Gerard Sandeman, of Culford Gardens, London, and Ufford, Suffolk, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



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A muff, a tight-fitting basque jacket and a soft, curling fringe on the forehead—and it is easy to recapture the enchantment of Renoir's Paris. This was an elegant age—when the soft tones in make-up were all-important—as they are to-day if we are to achieve the new look.

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TAKEN at random from our artist's Paris sketchbook—hats and dresses on this page typify the lines which emerged most prominently from the French Spring and Summer Collections. The longer skirt remains, but varying in length according to the hour of the day and the taste of the wearer. Waists are pinched, necks are high or daringly low.

Extreme left : Piguet's soft black wool worn with Paulette's enchanting hat of reed basketwork with a cascading drapery of black wool. Left : Desses' pastel pink wool has a crystal-pleated hem and is worn with a black shepherdess hat tied with veiling under the chin. Above : Christian Dior's cocktail dress worn with a black pillbox massed with small camellias and Dior's heavy shantung with gold thread embroidery at the high neckline. Top right : Dior's navy wool with a voluminous wrap-over skirt looped up into ample side drapery

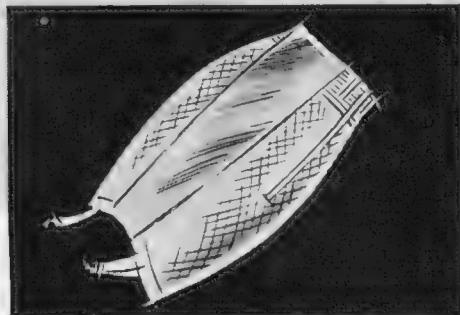
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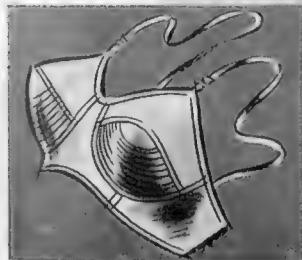
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Jean Holgate Stanley, only daughter of the late Mr. H. C. Stanley, and of Mrs. Suckling, of Furze Hill, Lynton, North Devon, and Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7, who is to marry Mr. William Cusack Fahie, only son of the late Mr. W. J. Fahie, I.C.S., and of Mrs. Fahie, of Ailesbury Road, Dublin



Miss Margaret (Peggy) Burton, elder daughter of Commander J. P. Burton, R.N., and Mrs. Burton, of Uppaton, Yelverton, South Devon, who is to marry Mr. Joe Leslie Mumford Sunderland, only son of Lt.-Col. B. G. E. Sunderland, O.B.E., R.A., of Trehaven, Lydford, and of Mrs. V. Sunderland, of Harrabee House, Yelverton



Lady Pigott-Brown, widow of Captain Sir John Pigott-Brown, Coldstream Guards, of Louvencourt, London, S.W., who is to be married this month to Captain Charles Raymond Radclyffe, only son of the late Mr. Raymond A. E. Radclyffe, and of Mrs. Radclyffe, of Lew, Oxfordshire



Miss Elizabeth Callander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Dougal Callander, of South Parade, Doncaster, who is to marry Mr. Gordon Goodrich, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Goodrich, lately of Easton Maudit, Northants, and now of Poole, Dorset



Miss Norma Josephine Mary Uffindel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Uffindel, of Belmont House, Burden Lane, Belmont, Surrey, who is to be married in May to Mr. Arthur John Hawkins, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hawkins, of Sandilands, Reigate Heath, Surrey



Miss Elizabeth Wynyard Brown, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. Maxwell Brown, of McLaren Road, Edinburgh, who is engaged to Captain George Russell Walter Howell, R.A., younger son of Sir Evelyn Howell, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., and Lady Howell, of Shaftesbury Road, Cambridge



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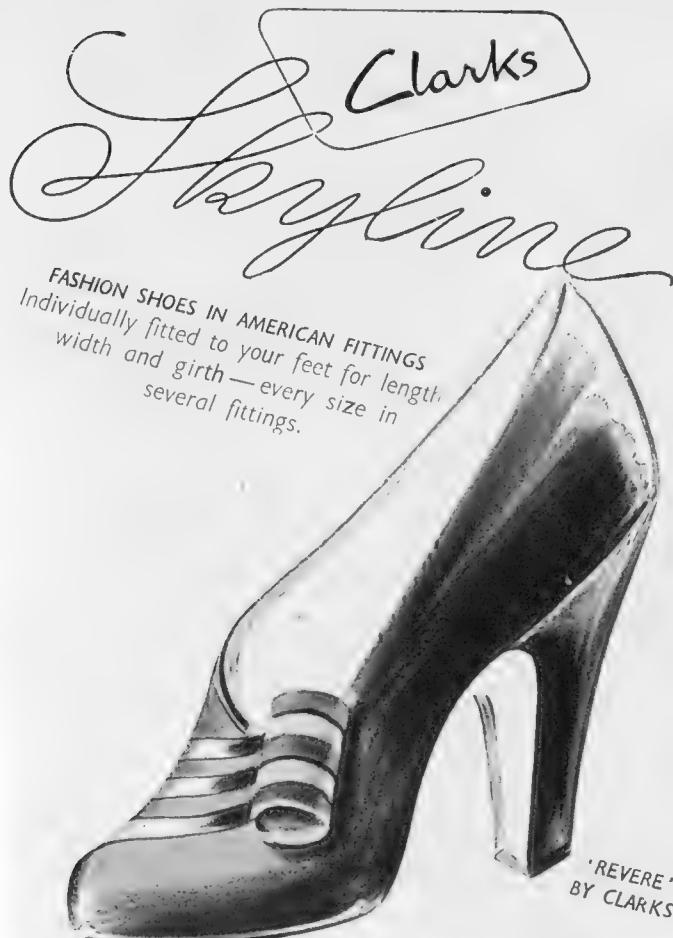
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Night	Lady Gay	Lady Gay	Crimson Glory
BROWNNETTES			
Day	Fascination	Lady Gay	Pink Dawn
Night	Lady Gay	Crimson Glory	Lady Gay
REDHEADS			
Day	Elfin	Fascination	Lady Gay
Night	Fascination	Lady Gay	Crimson Glory

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MOTORING NOTES

By a Correspondent

MANY Londoners will have seen and admired the Daimler which the R.A.F. gave to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on the occasion of their marriage. Although a large car, its good styling and design make it appear much smaller than is actually the case. The car itself is easy to recognize as it bears the number H.R.H.1, a number incidentally, which was surrendered by a private motorist in Hull so that it could be used on the Daimler.

Another wedding present, this time from the Car Mart, came in the form of a new Austin Sheerline, finished in black with cloth upholstery. At the Duke's suggestion, a thin red line has just been added over the chromium strip on each side of the car, thus adding a final touch to an already imposing motor car. The Sheerline, it will be recalled, is the largest, together with the Princess, of the Austin range. Unfortunately few are to be seen in England, as nearly all of them are going to help the export drive.

Jaguars for America

M. W. LYONS, chairman of Jaguar Cars Ltd., is now in the U.S.A. expecting to increase the export of Jaguars to that country. This should not be difficult. I have heard several knowledgeable Americans say that still one of the best selling points for British cars there is their traditional appearance, of which the Jaguar is a good example. Americans will pay a high price for cars of good quality that look different, but not for imitations of their own products.

Progress on Two Wheels

CZECHOSLOVAKIA has designed a two-wheel car with seating accommodation for two people sitting side by side. If the driver is of slight build,

and his passenger of generous proportions, does the whole contraption proceed with a perpetual list to port?

Jersey Road Race

THE Jersey Road Race, which is due to be run at St. Helier on April 29, over a distance of 176 miles, will have a strong international flavour. Last year's winner was R. Parnell, driving a Maserati. Strong British hopes are centred round the two E. type E.R.A.s, to be driven by R. Parnell and L. G. Johnson, who will be challenged by a number of Maseratis, old type E.R.A.s, an Alfa Romeo, Alta, Delage, Bugatti, and possibly one of the latest Talbots from France in the hands of that great French driver Louis Chiron.

Post-war British racing has been seriously hampered by the absence of any suitable testing ground. Donnington Park is a vehicle dump and Brooklands has been sold. Hats off, then, to those British drivers who, at great expense to themselves, take their cars on the Continent to try to uphold our prestige with machines that are old and often obsolete. Irrespective of their position past the finishing line, the European crowds do appreciate their sporting and valiant efforts, but it seems a pity that we have no machine at the moment capable of crossing the line first.

Gear Lever Positions

FOR many years the majority of cars have had their gear levers centrally placed. By 1939 the steering column control was adopted by all American manufacturers and it is now being introduced on some of our new models in this country. It will almost certainly be standard practice in the very near future to mount the lever in this manner as it allows the operating hand to be always near the wheel, the floor

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to be free from obstruction for seating three in front, and is as easy to operate as in the old position.

The A40 Austin

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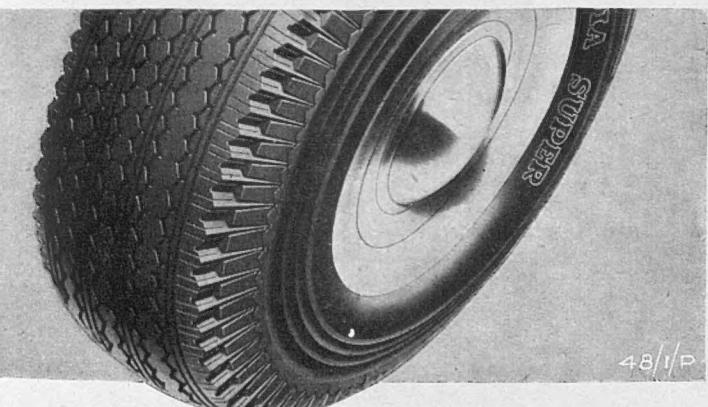
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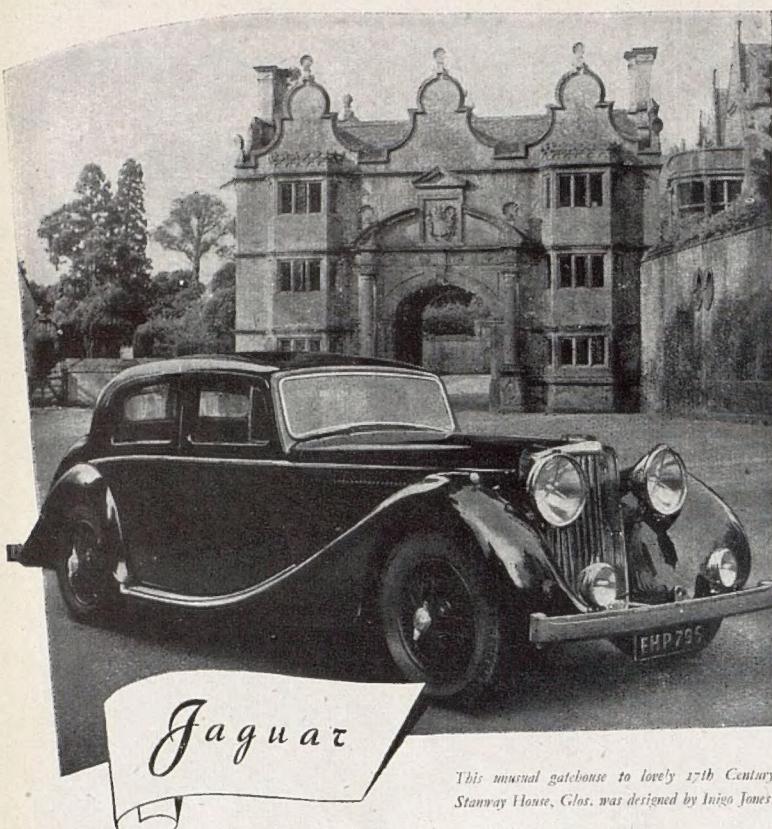
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